
 * BULL FIGHT THAT'S PERFECTLY SAFE IS VOLATILE *
 * FRENCHMAN'S NEW GAME *



Sacre bleu! And also gosh! The French, exquisite in everything, have invented a new game—ze harmless combat of ze bull. In other words, the bloodless bull fight.

The new game originated at Pau. It is more thrilling than a duel, although lovers of American football might find it tame. It's like this:

A furious, more or less, Spanish bull is turned into the arena. Upon his savage, in a manner of speaking, head, between the horns, is placed a bouquet of roses. The game is to get the bouquet from its resting place. The toreador who does it wins the match.

Naturally, the horns are well padded and the game is quite exciting, accidenically speaking. The bull tosses his head, the toreadors roll over and laugh and get sand in their mouths and

after awhile the bouquet is captured and the bull is led back to rest up for another combat.

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Twisted a Trifle.

My little grandson, three years old, has been going to Sunday school and the teacher gave him a card in which was the verse, "The Lord is my helper." I tried to teach it to him, and on the following Sunday while getting him ready for school I asked what it said on his card. He answered very promptly, "Help'er, me Lord."

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Bread, But Not Coffee.

One Sunday at church little Ruth, aged 5, saw them take communion. After the congregation was dismissed some one gave her a piece of the bread. She came home and said, "Mamma, he did not give me a drop of coffee."